2801.

1 Rosalina, a Masque by St. Lucas. 1795. "Extracted" Biog. Dram.

2 Bale's Interlude of John Baptist. the reprint from the Harleian Miscellany

3 The Servant Mistress, a Burletta [1790]

4 ~~An Opera performed at Mr Jacobs Royal Boarding School at Kelsey - in Lower folio - by Mr Nat. Tate - Music by Purcell~~ - Extracted to form I. A. 20

II. E. 25 (1)
(1-5)

CŒLINA;

A MASK.

WITH

SONGS, CHORUSSES, AND A GRAND *FINALE*;

COMMEMORATIVE OF

THE NUPTIALS

OF

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

THE

Prince of Wales and Princeſs Caroline.

BY HENRY LUCAS, A. M. &c.

AUTHOR OF "POEMS TO HER MAJESTY;" "THE EARL OF SOMERSET, A TRAGEDY;" "THE TEARS OF ALNWICK," &c.

"*Progeniem ſed enim* BRUNSWICKO *a ſanguine duci*
Audierat, GALLIÆ *olim quæ verteret arces.*"

PARODIED FROM VIRGIL. ÆN. 1. l. 23.

"For ſhe had heard from BRUNSWICK's line would flow
"A race, that GALLIA's tow'rs ſhould overthrow."

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE OBSERVER OFFICE, NO. 6, NEWCASTLE-STREET, STRAND, WHERE IT MAY BE HAD; ALSO OF R. RYAN, NO. 351, OXFORD-STREET; AND AT NO. 11, CHARLOTTE-STREET, RATHBONE-PLACE.

1795.

TO

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

THE

PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES;

THIS MASK

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

OBEDIENT, DEVOTED,

AND

MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

Charlotte-street, Rathbone-Place,
April 4. 1795.

THE PERSONS.

DORANTHES.
GENIUS OF BRITAIN.
NEPTUNE and TRITONS,
FACTION,
ANARCHY,
DEMOCRACY, &c. } *Groteſque Characters.*
SWAINS,
POETS, &c.

CŒLINA.
AMPHITRITE.
GODDESS OF TRUTH.
VENUS, CUPID, &c.
DISCORD, FURIES, &c.

DÆMONS, BALLAD-SINGERS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS,
ENGLISH and FRENCH, ATTENDANTS, &c.

SCENE,——On the Coaſt of England,---in London, &c.

CŒLINA;

A MASK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Delightful View of the Coaſt near the Place where CŒLINA *lands.—The Sea at a diſtance.—Flaſhes of Light within.*

Some SWAINS *enter, in Admiration.*

1ſt. SWAIN.

BEHOLD! how luminous the face of Day,
Which ſheds celeſtial fragrance all around!
Earth, Sea, and Air, ſeem to participate
The ſudden impulſe of unuſual joy!
Nay; as inſpir'd with a prophetic ſoul,
I feel its influence here; altho' the cauſe
Outſoars my comprehenſion.

2d. SWAIN.

With like ſurprize,
Have I obſerv'd the change! What can it mean?

3d. SWAIN.

In equal wonder all the Country's loſt!

1ſt. SWAIN.

Look, look, behold! The op'ning Firmament
Caſts a peculiar brightneſs on the Earth,
Gilding the ſkirted region far and near!
Some bleſs'd DIVINITY, a friend to MAN,
Foreſhows impending good! And hark! a peal
Of thunder to the right ſeems to approve,
And ſanction the rich thought! See, larger ſtill,
And brighter it expands to human view.

2d. SWAIN.

And mark! ſlow gliding down the realms of bliſs,
A ſacred form deſcends in Heav'nly ſtate!

3d. SWAIN.

Soft! it alights!

1ſt. SWAIN.

And now, methinks, I ken
The GENIUS of the land! This way he comes!

As

As he advances, clearer I'perceive,
He fully anſwers the deſcript account
Of that kind SPIRIT by my aged Sire
So oft portray'd, as viſible on Earth,
When our GREAT WILLIAM landed at TORBAY,
And flew to ſnatch the Realm from BIGOTRY!
Now nearer; I diſtinctly recogniſe
The ſelf-ſame SPIRIT, that, with gracious wing,
Was ſeen to hover o'er the pebbled beach,
When ROYAL CHARLOTTE came to bleſs our Iſle!

2d. SWAIN.

O that his coming would like joy impart!
Be as it may; our duty bids retire,
And regulate our conduct by his words!

[*They go back.*

Enter the GENIUS, *with attendant* SPIRITS.

GENIUS.

Hail, ALBION, hail! On whoſe high-favour'd Iſle,
RELIGION, ARTS, and ARMS, accordant ſmile!

NOTE.

Should this piece have the good fortune to engage the COMPOSER's art, for which it was certainly intended, and without which it muſt be allowed, in this faſcinating hour of Muſick, to loſe with ſome more than half its effect, this Poetry may either ſtand, to be altered to Blank Verſe, for Recitative, or to any meaſure, that may be judged moſt applicable to the purpoſe. This remark will ſerve throughout. At preſent the meaſure is entirely the effuſion of FANCY in the moment of writing.

On whoſe reſounding, and wide-ſpreading ſhores,
Exulting COMMERCE her rich treaſure pours!—
Theſe bleſſings to enſure without allay,
Have I deſcended to the Realms of Day!

1ſt. SWAIN. [*To the others apart.*

It muſt be ſo! His grace of Majeſty,
The eager joy, that brightens in his eye,
More than beſpeak the tutelary GOD!
Why fear then to approach?

2d. SWAIN.

Hold, hold! for hark!
With Muſick of the Spheres, his rapt'rous note
Will ſpeak his further purpoſe!

[*Muſick within.*

GENIUS.

AIR.

Arouſe, Arouſe, my Heroes bold!
Sons of VALOUR, fam'd of old!
Aſſert my native reign!
Thro' EAST and WEST's extended courſe,
Spite of proud GALLIA's hoſtile force,
Your envied proweſs, LO! the GODS ſuſtain!

While thunders roll,
From Pole to Pole,

'Gainſt

'Gainſt DEMOCRATIC SLAUGHTER's rage!
While not a flood
Of Regal blood
Its hated frenzy can aſſuage!
Upheld by ME,
And LIBERTY,
Proceed, fulfill
Your GENIUS' will!
And dauntleſs in the glorious cauſe engage!

CHORUS.

While thunders roll, &c.

1ſt. SWAIN.

That Melody would charm a Coward's fears!
And now to end ſuſpenſe— [*Advances to the* GENIUS.
Great DEITY!—for all your words declare
The tutelary GOD of BRITAIN's realm—
Nay; with like awe as wonder, we've beheld
The ſev'ring Clouds emit their ſacred Gueſt!—
If then an humble Swain—

GENIUS.

Shepherd, no more!
My function penetrates the human Soul,
And knows its deep receſſes! O were all
As faithful in attachment to the Realm,

Were

Were all my Subjects equally impreſs'd
With the calm dictates of the humble Swain,
Whoſe forehead ſweats with honeſt Induſtry;
No raſh opinions, no preſumptuous thoughts,
Dar'd to diſtract the quiet of the Land!
But by th' approaching ſcene of gen'ral joy,
The GODS preſent a ſpeedy remedy!

1ſt. SWAIN.

Both HEAV'N and EARTH preſage ſome glad event,
Of which our ignorance would trace the cauſe—

GENIUS.

Learn that of Me!—for what Benevolence,
In EARTH or HEAV'N, can claim ſuperior praiſe,
Than to inform the TRUTH-enquiring mind;
Chief in that knowledge, whereby to diſcern
His own, and therein to promote the public weal!
Learn then! my anxious zeal for ENGLAND's fate,
By inward Faction, and external force,
Alarm'd beyond remoteſt precedent,
Call'd me to Earth to ſpirit up my Sons,
And ſee the purpoſe of the GODS compleat!

1ſt. SWAIN.

Bend all to grace and goodneſs ſo divine!

[*All bend, or kneel.*

GENIUS.

GENIUS.

No more, but mark! In ſynod held on high,
At which the GRACES, and the GOD of LOVE—
—The fillet firſt remov'd from off his ſight—
VENUS, and all the ſmiling HOURS, attended;
It was decreed to 'gin this happy change,
With rich alliance of the chaſte CŒLINA,
With princely, lov'd DORANTHES. Him ye know—
—For who, thro'out the realm, of humbleſt ſtate,
Knows not the SON of their admir'd CHIEF,
Whoſe Soul capacious, and delighted thoughts,
Are all concentred in the PUBLIC GOOD!
Know ye not then the Son?

THE SWAINS. [*Loud.*

Yes! all, all, all!

1ſt. SWAIN.

Yes! all, kind Pow'r! Tho' much our language fails
To give due utt'rance to the NATION's praiſe,
Which greets DORANTHES ſecond to his Sire!

GENIUS.

His Nuptials then, ſure pledge of Peace and joy,
Diſcordant Pow'rs are lab'ring to prevent,
And will attempt—for O what will not ſuch

Raſh

Raſh Foes attempt, who ride thro' ſeas of blood
To their new Idol, fierce DEMOCRACY!
What then my fears, leſt FRENZY intercept
The GOLDEN FLEECE, rich freighted to our Shore?

2d. SWAIN.

Kind PROVIDENCE avert the threaten'd ill!

GENIUS.

That be my care and NEPTUNE'S, by whoſe aid
My Sons preſerve dominion o'er the deep!
May all the Pow'rs above inſpire their Souls
With Virtue, as with Valour, to deſerve,
And thence maintain th' invaluable gift,
The native ſtrength, and bulwark of the land!
His favour now I ſeek. When he appears,
At diſtance—as beſits your mortal Senſe—
Await the iſſue! Muſick, to the ſpell!

AIR.

Patron of my Sea-girt Iſle,
Still on BRITONS deign to ſmile!
Forth from the oozy bed,
Where Father THAMES reclines his head,
Ariſe, the FOE'S proud vauntings to beguile!
The NORTHERN wave
Of ſtorms bereave,
And bring CŒLINA ſafe from DISCORD'S threaten'd wile!

NEPTUNE

NEPTUNE *rises behind in his car, with* TRITONS.

GENIUS.

And ſee! The wat'ry GOD his head uprears,
His glad'ning preſence diſſipates my fears!
Proud of his THAMES, and anxious for its fate,
He comes, in old aquatic ſplendour great!

NEPTUNE, &c. *come forward.*

GENIUS. [*Advancing to meet him.*

Hail, ſedge-crown'd Monarch of the azure plain,
*Who ſooths the waves, or ſwells the raging Main!
Say, did the PRINCELY, LOVE-appointed fleet,
Thy partial favour and indulgence meet?

NEPTUNE.

Yes, happy GENIUS! Such propitious gales,
By LOVE and ZEPHYRS fann'd, have ſwell'd their ſails,
That all-triumphant, thro' the Northern deep,
Their unreſiſted, gallant courſe they keep!

GENIUS.

What thanks are thine! O what ſhould BRITAIN fear,
With us united for the gen'ral care!

---

* "Et mulcere dedit fluctus, & tollere vento." VIRGIL.

NEPTUNE.

If the whole Nation, like a ſev'n-fold ſhield,
Compact and firm in Council, and in field;
If EUROPE's Pow'rs, that ſhould be coaleſc'd,
Were with one Soul, one common ardour bleſs'd;
Then—at the hand of laurel'd VICTORY—
Then—nor 'till then—can we expect to ſee
The world reſtor'd to PEACE and LIBERTY!
Let UNION be "the order of the Day,"
And who ſhall ſtand againſt BRITANNIA's ſway?

GENIUS.

The Time ſuch UNION claims; for it has been,
That FACTION would diſturb the envied Scene!
But by the preſent NUPTIALS all combin'd,
CONCORD and LOVE ſhall harmonize the Mind!

NEPTUNE.

This treaſure to protect from ENVY's reach,
Let's haſten all to* ——— cliſted beach!
And hark——— [*Cannon as at a diſtance.*

NOTE.

* As this Work was at preſs before the Fleet arrived, though not intended to have been publiſhed before the Ceremony was over, it was thought better to leave Blanks for the place of the PRINCESS's landing, than hazard a wrong name. The Reader will pleaſe now to fill them right.

AIR

AIR.

DUETTO, *and* CHORUS.

NEPTUNE.

Hark! the Cannon's diſtant roar
Floats in ringlets down the ſhore!
And from its hollow-ſounding throat,
Gives the joy-inſpiring note,
That my proud NAVY fears no hoſtile pow'r!

GENIUS.

Hark! Its voice again, again,
Bounds upon the wat'ry plain!
Hark! Louder ſtill it ſtrikes the ear,
Telling lov'd CŒLINA's near,
And all the promis'd bleſſings of her reign!

BOTH.

Hark! It echoes far and nigh,
Spreading rapture to the ſky!
For the bliſs let all prepare,
And haſte to greet the HEAV'N-invited Fair!

CHORUS.

Hark! It echoes, &c. [*then Exeunt.*

SCENE,

The Palace, or rather Cavern of DISCORD, *&c.*

A dance of DÆMONS.

[*At the close of it* DISCORD *rushes in, followed by* FACTION, ANARCHY, DEMOCRACY, *(bearing the Tree of Liberty)* ATE, *&c. &c.*]

DISCORD.

No more! no more! The dance forbear!
Greater objects claim our care!
NEPTUNE, vaunting in his pride,
Bids the Fleet triumphant ride,
Safe in ——— gladden'd tide!
Could we but CŒLINA seize,
How these vaults would ring with praise!
How our Altars would be crown'd,
Thro'out GALLIA's utmost bound!
Mark! I see the incense rise,
In circ'ling odours to the Skies!
Loud-tongu'd all in the decree,
"*Vive* DISCORD *et* LIBERTE!"
Such a Sacrifice demands
The efforts both of Heart and hands!
Come then all! your Snakes prepare,
To blast the Triumph of the Fair!
ATE——

As

[*As* Discord *calls theſe Groteſque characters, each comes forward, and having received their orders, each makes a fantaſtic bow, and goes out.*]

Hence, Ate, to the neighb'ring ſhore,
Bid 'em "draw forth all their Pow'r!"
You have long their counſels led,
*Infuſing madneſs in each head! [*Exit* Ate.

Faction, [*Comes forward.*

Faction! go, fly! to Earth repair,
To ſpread your poiſon in the ear
Of all, who look, with jealous eye,
On Britain's favour from on high! [*Exit* Faction.

Democracy, [*Comes forward.*

Go forth, Democracy! and raiſe
Each wav'ring flame into a blaze!
Take Anarchy, your conſtant Friend,
To hated Albion both aſcend;
There to plant your ſacred Tree
Of Enthuſiaſt Liberty!

[*Exeunt* Democracy *and* Anarchy.

Come all my Furies! haſte, prepare
Your hiſſing ſnakes to taint the air,
And blaſt the triumph of the Fair!

* Such was Ate's peculiar province and delight, by which ſhe drew Mankind into misfortunes.

Discord

[DISCORD *runs in—the reſt follow with a hiſſing noiſe—fire and brimſtone.*]

SCENE.

The Sea at ———— where CŒLINA *lands. With a diſtant view of the* BRITISH FLEET. NEPTUNE, *The* GENIUS, *&c. on one ſide—a group of* SWAINS *on the other.*

NEPTUNE. [*pointing to the* FLEET.

Lo! mine and BRITAIN's pride! Each honeſt TAR,
Himſelf a Hoſt, and bulwark of the war!
And ſee! [AMPHITRITE *riſes from the Sea, and comes forward.*

NEPTUNE.

Welcome, my QUEEN! No honours can exceed
Thoſe which the GODS to VIRTUE have decreed!
And lo! CŒLINA.

Exact repreſentation of the landing of CŒLINA *and her Train. Officers, Sailors, Guards, &c. &c.*

MUSICK. CHORUS.

" See the chaſte CŒLINA comes!
" Sound the trumpets, &c."

CŒLINA *handed aſhore by an Officer, who gives her to* AMPHITRITE.

AMPHITRITE.

Welcome, fair Maid!

To

To all the joys that LOVE and VIRTUE give!

NEPTUNE.

Welcome to ſhare the triumphs of my Fleet,
And all the trophies due unto your praiſe!

GENIUS.

Welcome to all the honours, TIME's records,
Or BRITAIN's GENIUS paid to female worth!

CŒLINA.

Bleſs'd DEITIES!—for tho' the Pow'rs above
Have plac'd my birth in a far diſtant Land——
Yet there, in Infancy, I learn'd your names,
And liſp'd your wond'rous praiſe! But now, ſince HEAV'N
Has pleas'd to call me to your favour'd Iſle,
The more immediate witneſs of your grace;
Never was Homage more ſincerely paid,
Than in th' exertion of CŒLINA's love,
To make your PEOPLE happy in DORANTHES;
So ſhall the incenſe of our grateful Hearts
Be offer'd at the ſhrine of PUBLIC GOOD!

NEPTUNE.

Of this we're well aſſur'd; and on that faith,
Came to conduct you ſafe to all the joys
Of HYMEN, LOYALTY, and pureſt LOVE!

Proceed

Proceed then to the palace of DORANTHES,
By HEAV'N approv'd moſt worthy of your hand!

[NEPTUNE *and* AMPHITRITE *conduct* CŒLINA *in—all the female Train follow. As the* GENIUS *is going to lead the reſt, an uproar is heard on the oppoſite ſide. The* GENIUS *turns back.*]

GENIUS.

My Warriours ſtay! 'Tis—as my Mind preſag'd—
ENVY's diſcordant rout. This way they come,
Haunting the footſteps of the Great and Good,
With baneful purpoſe to diſturb their joy.
At ſight of me, th' infernal, impious crew—
Whom, as immortal, you'd aſſault in vain—
Will fly and tremble! For the reſt—but hark!—

[*The clamour increaſes.*

They come! arrange, and take the charge from me!

[*They range, and draw their ſwords.*

DISCORD *enters with her clamourous rout, followed by* FRENCH *Soldiery—ſwords drawn.*

DISCORD.

Come on! And ſtart not at terreſtrial force!

GENIUS. [*advancing to her.*

But tremble at celeſtial! [DISCORD, *&c. ſhrink back.*
Fly the touch

Of

Of mine and NEPTUNE's wand! Still may our pow'r
Protect the land from horrour of Invaſion,
Or—greater curſe!—from civil DISCORD's rage!

DISCORD.

Hell and confuſion! Hence; away, away!
How vain to cope with ſuch ſuperior ſtrength!

[DISCORD *and her party fly, with clamour.*

GENIUS.

Purſue, and captive all their mortal aid!

The BRITISH *purſue them. Enter ſome* FRENCH *Soldiery, followed by Engliſh—ſome ſhouting—"Down with the French!" The latter kneel as for quarter, and drop their ſwords. The* BRITISH *as in act to ſtrike, when the* GENIUS *ruſhes to them.*

GENIUS.

Hold, I command! Let not one drop of blood
Pollute the Nuptials of this ſacred Day,
Herald of PEACE, and ever-flowing joy!
What day ſoe'er! 'Tis gallant BRITONS' pride,
To ſpare the yielding Foe; but chiefly thoſe,
The victims of DELUSION, who are forc'd
To combat glory, or inglorious die!
Then raiſe them up! and to the liſt'ning world,
Support th' example of your native fame!

FULL CHORUS.

BRITONS, ever fam'd in ſtory,
Still in Mercy place their glory,
Ever generous as brave,
And if challeng'd forth to war,
They aſcend proud MARS' car,
They CONQUER only for to SAVE!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Hall of DISCORD.

DISCORD, *and her rout,* ENVY, JEALOUSY, *&c. as in council.*

A Table—JEALOUSY *writing.*

DISCORD.

AIR.

Confounded, sham'd, and put to flight,
By a single doughty Wight,
Shall we yield,
Forsake the field,
And fly, inglorious, from the light!
[*They all rise clamourously, and come forward.*

CHORUS.

No, no!
Let's go,
Our venom'd Snakes again to rear!
Their magic hiss
No more shall miss,
But drive our Victim to despair! [*Da Capo.*

DISCORD.

Away, to merit the decree,
Vive DISCORD *et* LIBERTE!

[*All run out but* DISCORD *and* JEALOUSY.

DISCORD.

Say, jealous fiend, haſt finiſhed well
Our deep-concerted, private ſpell?
In times of am'rous parle, like theſe,
When Ladies play what pranks they pleaſe;
When daily actions of CRIM. CON.
Shew what *rare work* is going on;
And ev'ry Man ſuſpects his Mate,
From Counteſs JANE to kitchen CATE;
Let JEALOUSY but touch the heart,
With lighteſt feather of her art,
The venom ſpreads, its ſubtle rage
Nor TIME, nor REASON can aſſuage!
Such poiſon, ſuch malignant flame,
At fond DORANTHES I would aim?

JEALOUSY. [*Gives a paper.*

Look, 'tis moſt done! but I would know,
What ſignature to place below!

DISCORD.

Ha! wiſely thought! Tuſh—let me ſee,

What

What with our Scheme will beſt agree!
I have it—put the GENIUS' name,
'Twill anſwer beſt, and more inflame!
For coming from a valu'd Friend,
Leſs doubt will on the truth attend!
  Write then "The GENIUS of the Iſle,"
'Twill cover the intended guile!

[*Gives the Paper.* JEALOUSY *returns to the Table.*

AIR.

When open Force does nought avail,
  To give the deſtin'd wound;
ENVY or MALICE ſeldom fail,
  Their Object to confound!

Like ſudden burſts of Lightning, they,
  More rapid in their courſe,
Strike trembling Mortals with diſmay,
  And kill with double force!

JEALOUSY. [*Giving the letter.*

  Here 'tis, compleated as you ſaid,
Sign'd, and ſeal'd with flaming red;
In the true tint of JEALOUSY,
Darting fire from either eye!
  But it wakes my wonder ſtill,
How the gen'ral wiſh fulfil!

How

How to DORANTHES you'll convey
The letter, to have proper ſway!

DISCORD.

Leave that to me! As once the apple
I threw for GODDESSES to grapple;
So 'twill go hard for mortal Man,
To 'ſcape the trial of our plan!
For MISCHIEF ſeldom form'd a ſcheme of Ill,
But ſhe found means to execute her will!
Come then!
Vive DISCORD *et* LIBERTE! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

The garden, where DORANTHES *waits to receive* CŒLINA.

DORANTHES. [*Alone.*

'Ere this I hop'd the lovely, chaſte CŒLINA—
The paragon and pride of ev'ry tongue—
Had bleſs'd my eyes with wonder of her charms,
Like as my Soul's enamour'd of her Virtue!—
Yet ſhe has 'ſcap'd the perils of the Sea.—
O! that th' Enthuſiaſm of a grateful Heart
Would teach me language adequate to praiſe
The kind protection of the bounteous GODS,
From hoſtile force, from BOREAS' wintry blaſts,

And

And all the dangers of the raging Main!
O then how boundleſs were my reverence!

An arrow, ſhot over the garden wall, drops in ſight.

Ha! what is that? An arrow from the Clouds,
Or elſe o'erſhot athwart the garden wall!
What can it mean? Comes it with foul deſign,
Or purpos'd injury from ſecret Foe?
Avaunt, that fear! Judge me, all-ſeeing Pow'rs!
If, by deſign, I offer'd violence
To the minuteſt Creature of your hand,
Much leſs to MAN, whoſe happineſs and good
Are the delighted objects of my Soul!
'Tis ſtrange indeed! Let me examine more!

[*Takes up the arrow.*

Ha! a Billet is attach'd——and to DORANTHES!

[*Takes the letter off, flings the arrow away.*

Some labour'd purpoſe brings it thus to hand!
Let's ſee—— [*Opens the letter—reads.*

" Learn that, in this palſied time,
" Marriage is at beſt a crime!
" Mind then what the Adage ſays,
" And true Friendſhip here conveys,
" Studied Wedlock's ſhort liv'd pleaſure,
" Marry in haſte, repent at leiſure!

" Would

" Would you HYMEN's blifs enfure,
" Bethink you well—too late's the cure!
" Your's and BRITANNIA's GENIUS."

GENIUS of HELL! Curs'd Hieroglyphicks!
That dare to glance upon CŒLINA's fame
The moſt oblique reflection; wound my peace,
In what I held the bounty of the GODS,
To make the Nation, as DORANTHES, blefs'd!
But ſoft—who's here? Let me conceal this tumult!
[*Puts up the letter.*

The GENIUS *enters.*

Joy, joy to all! but chiefly to DORANTHES!———

DORANTHES.

Before I greet the wiſh, declare, who are you?

GENIUS.

Your's and BRITANNIA's GENIUS!

DORANTHES [*apart.*

Can it be!
The very ſignature that clos'd the billet!
I ever heard, that Britain's guardian Pow'r [*to him.*
Was fam'd for great benignity of Soul,
For gen'rous Candour, and a GOD-like care
Of the peculiar intereſts of the Realm!

GENIUS.

GENIUS.

Elſe wherefore here at this eventful time,
When WAR and HAVOCK deſolate the Globe?
Why? but to rouſe the ardour of my Sons,
To bear the taſk of danger undiſmay'd?
Why? but to bring CŒLINA ſafe aſhore,
The pride, and future bleſſing of my People?

DORANTHES. [*apart.*

Sure, Falſhood dwells not in ſuch rev'rend form!
Think me not, holy Seer! devoid of Senſe, [*to him.*
And gratitude for all, this boon in chief!
But look! and judge the cauſe of my ſuſpicion! [*Gives the letter.*

GENIUS. [*reads to himſelf.*

" Your's and BRITANNIA's Genius."
Genius of DISCORD, JEALOUSY, and SPLEEN!
Shew me the land, where ſuch invidious Foes
Purſue not VIRTUE, and malign the GOOD!—
But 'tis the Touchſtone of Humanity,
Which from the fiery ordeal comes more pure!
Unerring TRUTH ſhall ratify my words!
[*Waves his wand—Muſick.*

AIR.

Parent of VIRTUE, Goddeſs bright,
Who diſpels the ſhades of Night,
From the illumin'd Mind!

Come, ſacred TRUTH, invok'd, appear!
Deſcend from thy celeſtial Sphere,
To pureſt Honour kind!
Come, and every cloud remove,
That dares obtrude on virtuous Love,
And give each raſh ſuſpicion to the wind!

TRUTH *deſcends in her car with* CHERUBS; *they alight.*

The car riſes.

TRUTH. [*ſings or ſpeaks.*

From the Star-beſpangled Sky
Of the bleſſed Pow'rs on high,
Lo I come, at your requeſt,
And at the anxious GODS' beheſt,
The arts of Falſhood to diſarm,
To baniſh ev'ry vague alarm,
And each ideal pang remove,
That fain would cloud the ſcene of LOVE!

GENIUS.

Accept our thanks! Now view that ſcroll! [*Gives the paper.*

TRUTH. [*ſmiling.*

If TRUTH be TRUTH, I know the whole!
'Tis DISCORD, who, this mad'ning time,
Would ſpread her rage from clime to clime!

And

And here, a PEOPLE's gen'ral good
By ſuch event might be withſtood,
Could She reverſe kind HEAV'N's decree,
To make the Nation BLESS'D, as FREE!

DORANTHES.

What ſecret rapture flows from ev'ry word!
O grant we may deſerve!

GENIUS.

To Minds, like yours',
Nurtur'd in Science, and the paths of Good,
How eaſy 'tis to follow VIRTUE's ſteps,
Aſſur'd, thro' Her, of favour and reward!

TRUTH.

All-confident their lives will prove
To VIRTUE ſacred, as to LOVE;
I here declare, much-honour'd Youth!
Not FALSHOOD, and unerring TRUTH,
Not diſtant further Pole from Pole,
Nor wildeſt frenzies of the Soul,
Than impotent the thought to raiſe
Reflection of CŒLINA's praiſe!

But ſee! the DÆMON comes apace,
With borrow'd garb, and borrow'd face;

All-anxious the event to ſcan,
And forward her deſtructive plan!
Seem you to pauſe upon the wile,
We'll ruſh forth, and her ſchemes beguile!

[*Gives the Paper to* DORANTHES, *She and the* GENIUS *retire back.*

While DORANTHES *muſes over the letter,* DISCORD *enters diſguiſed as a country Girl.*

DISCORD. [*aſide*

He has it! O the wond'rous blaze
Of GALLIC altars to our praiſe! [*advances to him.*

Honour'd DORANTHES! By my Father's charge,
I come with happy tidings, that CŒLINA——

DORANTHES. [*muſing.*

CŒLINA! leave me, Child! O—— [*turns away, as affected.*

DISCORD. [*apart.*

O the joy,
This dreaded Union could I but diſſolve!

DORANTHES.

CŒLINA—ſaid'ſt thou?—what——

DISCORD.

Tending our Flocks,
Upon the lofty ſummit of yon hill,

Whoſe

Whoſe view extends ſome miles upon the plain,
We mark'd the clouds of duſt, which roſe ſo thick,
We knew th' expected Troop muſt be CŒLINA'S——

DORANTHES.

I grieve—I cannot thank you—for the news!

TRUTH. [*ſmiling behind.*

Well done!—But hark—that Trump breaks off delay!

[*Diſtant trumpet within*—TRUTH *and the* GENIUS *come forward.*

DISCORD. [*apart.*

Ha! foil'd again! confuſion———

TRUTH.

Hold, Sorc'reſs, hold!
And if you'd 'ſcape the juſtice of our wrath,
Submit to TRUTH, and anſwer to the charge!
Say! whoſe that Letter?

DISCORD.

No pen of mine
Produc'd a ſingle word!

TRUTH.

Shame on th' evaſion!
You only dictated to JEALOUSY———

DISCORD.

DISCORD. [*apart.*

How vain to contradict! too ſtrong the Pow'rs,
That guard the envied pair!

Well; be it ſo! [*to them.*
Miſchief's my buſ'neſs, as delight, you know!

TRUTH.

Vain both, againſt th' oppoſing will of HEAV'N!—
But the Time preſſes! mark then their Decree!
As once the thunder-bearing JOVE
Hurl'd you from the realms above;
So—if again your impious Crew
Shall here your ſland'rous arts purſue—
They'll drive you to your fit domain,
To GALLIA's all-diſcordant plain;
There you may rant, and rave at will,
And all your Helliſh ſchemes fulfil!
Let FACTION wake the laſt Deſpair,
And ſpread her deſolation there;
'Till HEAV'N, in mercy, bids their fury ceaſe,
And gives the Nations round the wiſh'd-for Peace!

GENIUS.

Reply not, but away! their fury dread!
Hence; 'ere the Light'ning flaſhes on your head!

[*Puſhes her in.—It lightens.*

DORANTHES.

DORANTHES.

In rapt'rous ſilence only can I bend
To ſuch unmerited———

TRUTH.

No more! for here
My brighteſt emblem doth appear!

GENIUS.

So ſhall the gladden'd world enjoy the Scene!

[*Waves his wand—the Scene opens and diſcovers the crowd waiting—then enter* CŒLINA *and her Train—Officers, Guards, &c.*]

TRUTH. [*takes* CŒLINA'S *hand.*

Bluſh not, fair Maid! that TRUTH deſires your hand,
Here to preſent you to as certain bliſs! [*gives her to* DORANTHES.

CŒLINA.

Thus let——— [*Offering to kneel, he prevents her.*

DORANTHES.

Such Charms, ſuch Virtue, bord'ring on divine,
Should only kneel to the all-bounteous GODS——

CŒLINA.

To them, in humbleſt gratitude, I bow!—
Next, to bright TRUTH, and to this holy SEER,
To me fore-known, the GENIUS of the land;

Whoſe

Whoſe viſage ſpeaks beneficence and love!
O may their Grace attend their VOTARESS' ſteps!

TRUTH AND THE GENIUS.

Expect it doubled on your precious heads!

CŒLINA. [*turning to* DORANTHES.

And O DORANTHES! if my fervent pray'r
Can ratify the purpoſe of my Soul;
'Tis, that the influence of our mutual bliſs,
Deſcending like the kindly dew of Heav'n,
May fill the harveſt of the gen'ral joy!

DORANTHES.

Why doubt it, Sweet! beneath your happy rule,
While thus my Heart receives you to its love! [*Embraces her.*
But come! Fatigue demands refreſhment due,
Then will I lead you to the nuptial Shrine!

[*To* TRUTH *and the* GENIUS.]

And O—if Mortals might ſuch favour court,
We would entreat your ſtay———

GENIUS.

Pleas'd we'll attend;
Then, our glad miſſion done, to HEAV'N aſcend!

[*They go out in order—the Crowd follows with ſhouts.*

SCENE.

SCENE.

The Street.

Before DORANTHES' *Houſe.*

**Enter a group of Beggars male and female, Boys, &c.—They bawl.*

Joy, joy, joy! my noble Maſter and Miſtreſs—joy.

[*Money thrown to them—they ſcramble for it, then bawl.*

Joy, joy—thank you, my noble Maſter and Miſtreſs—Long life and health, &c.

BEGGARS.

Come—a dance for joy! then we'll go——
Eat and drink, and friſk and play,
This is Beggars' Holyday!

[*A Crutch Dance—then they run in ſhouting, joy, joy! &c.*

Theſe may be followed by a ſet of Marrowbones and Cleavers (which 'tis preſumed will attend.)

ONE OF THEM.

Come, my Boys! a peal before hand, by way of a ſillip, to keep our hands in—ſtrike up— [*They play, and exeunt.*

They may be ſucceeded by a group of Ballad-ſingers—Papers in their hands. They bawl about.

---

* As ſome delay muſt follow here to admit time for the refreſhment propoſed, and get ready the Proceſſion, ſome, if not all, of theſe intermediate Scenes ſeemed moſt applicable to the Subject; and "*Seria ſecernere ludo*"—need but be hinted to the learned Reader.

Here's a favourite new Song, or the great and happy Nuptials of MASTER DORINTH and MISS CELLY—

[*People croſs the Stage—one of them ſays—*

Come, give us a ſlice of it!

BALLAD SINGERS.

Ay, that you ſhall, your Honours!——

[*They hem in burleſque, as tuning their pipes—then ſquall.*

TUNE—*Tommy O'Linn.*

GEORGY DORINTH a courting would go,
'Twas to CŒLINA, we very well know!
Oh! ſhe was all beauty, and he was all grace,
Succeſs to them both, may they have a long race!
Oh! ſhe was, &c. "'Twill do, 'twill do, &c.—

BALLAD SINGERS.

Here, my Maſters! here—piping hot from GRUB-STREET.

[*They hand ballads about—are offered halfpence.*

BALLAD SINGER.

Ah—my Maſters! halfpence ſuch a Day as this—a ſhilling at leaſt———

PASSENGER.

Hang your Conſcience—if you have any—there—there.

[*Pays—takes a Ballad.—He and the Paſſengers go out.*

BALLAD

BALLAD SINGER.

Rare doings——a whole ſhilling———

MOLL. [*ſqualls within—drunk.*

The whole gr- gr- grand order———

[*The Ballad Singers laugh—one of them ſays—*

Here comes drunken MOLL—ſhe's *up to it* already.

MOLL. [*enters.*

The whole gr- gr- grand order and fu- fu- fu-ne-ral proceſſion —[*they laugh.*] what's the matter, and be burned to you? Are you all dr- dr- drunk?

BALLAD SINGER.

Not yet, MOLL! in good time. But if we are not, we know who is. How came you by it ſo ſoon, MOLL?

MOLL.

A goo- goo- good-natur'd Gentleman—they call'd him Jo- Jo- JONNY BULL, gave me a wh- whole half Crown for the gr- gr- grand funeral proceſſion, and bid me go dr- drink on the happy occaſion. I took the hon- honeſt Gentleman at his word—and I and PAT GALLAGHER went, and we had but three OUTS between us—he ſaid he would not dr- drink more—becauſe the Gin was raiſed ſo high lately—

BALLAD SINGER.

Ay, Moll! that's the bleſſing of living in a free Country.

MOLL.

A—ha! fly DICK! but come along—[*pulling him.*] and you ſhall have another—d- dear as it is——

BALLAD SINGER.

Let's go with her! But up with the Song as we go, or we ſhall loſe our Cuſtomers.

GEORGY DORINTH, &c. [*Exeunt ſinging.*

Enter a group of Poets of different Countries.

1ſt. POET.

Come, Come! we ſhall be too late! [*Exit.*

2d. POET. [*a paper in his hand.*

Hold!—ſuch a thought! match it who dare———

[*reads and rants.*

" The womb of TIME

" Never brought forth a Hero more renown'd,

" *Nor* fairer Beauty *never* yet was crown'd!"

There's the ſublimity of ſublime! Grandeur and ſoftneſs ſo happily united———

[*rants.*

" The womb of TIME

" never brought forth"———that—that's it!——

" Never brought forth a Hero more renown'd"———

Sublimity and Truth!—None of your bombaſt—your fulſome, fawning, flattering ſtuff of the age! Truth with ſublimity—— a—ha—then comes the *piano*———

" *Nor*

" *Nor* fairer Lady *never* yet was crown'd!"

Truth again, and delicacy itſelf! It beats the ſublime and beautiful put together! match it who can———

3d. POET.—*Iriſhman.*

By my Shoul and that I can—or my Countryman for me—its all one, my Jewell!—its but common *ſhivility* for Authors to borrow from one another—ſo here's my *Smilly* for you—— [*Sings.*

" Her eyes are like the Whiting,
" Show light in
" The darkeſt night"———

There; match that——bub--a--boo---Devil an ENGLISH Poet's among you but's all IRISH, my Jewell!

2d. POET.

Rat your Blarney! what ſtuff to mine? [*reads, &c.*

" The womb of TIME"———

A--ha--ha!——— [*laughs, ſhakes his head, and Exit.*

4th. POET.

Rat your Politicks, ſay I! 'tis they have kick'd the MUSES, and us, their Underſtrappers, out of houſe and home. Nothing but ſpeechifying--*pro*'s and *con*'s as long as my arm——

IRISHMAN.

Longer, longer, Honey! Long as the *Obliſk* at leaſt--ah--Devil burn your *Politricks*!

4th. POET.

4th. POET.

Politicks and war! Why there's all our Heroicks, Sonnets, Madrigals, Gratulations, ay, and Congratul tions, all drown'd in ſmoke and noiſe; and nothing left us to eat but fire and brimſtone.———

IRISHMAN.

Don't forget the little ſoft bullets, Jewell! they are ſo *tinder*, ſo eaſy of *diſgeſtion*, and ſo *cramming*, they leave us, and *touſands* beſide, no ſtomachs to eat at all at all, Honey!

SCOTCHMAN.

Weel—we o' the North are wiſer than ye *aw*—we never *trooble* our heeds with So-nets, Madrigals, or *ſic* like *poetrical* nonſenſe. Hiſtory is our fort—and that, you ken, is the foun-tain-ſtone, the main maſt, as I may call it, of Po-liticks! So with a little ſmattering of that, we trudge up to *toon*—wha matters whether we have *Filibegs* on or na, Laddy! and running with the *crood*—never ganging againſt the ſtream--na--never—thanks to *St. Andrew*! we ſoon find way to a ſhare of the loaves and fiſhes--ken you that, Laddy?

IRISHMAN. [*taking him off.*

I ken it right weel, Saundy! and have a long time; for by my Shoul, you take care to have a *haund* in the loaves and fiſhes wherever you put your *foots*, Laddy!

SCOTCHMAN.

SCOTCHMAN.

Weel--and what are ye aw ſcrabbling about--poetiſing and ſpiderifing your brains out, but for the loaves and fiſhes, Mon!

4th. POET.

True, SAUNEY! but now, now--inſtead of ſtew'd prunes and water-gruel; the loaves and fiſhes, roaſt beef and pudding, Man!

IRISHMAN.

Where will your *Poetricks* be then, Jewel? By ST. PATRICK! your brains will be too coſtive to *diſgeſt* ſuch hard Stuff as *Poetricks*. But come--or the big Folks behind will be *after* being *before us*. Come! [*The three go out.*

WELSHMAN. [*comes forward.*

They're all mad! Poetrys--*Cot's plut*--Povertys! Not a Welſh rabbet to be got by it now-a-days! Better ſow Leeks, or ſtrum the Harp a' Sundays! Poetrys! *Cot's plut--hur* will e'en hame! But hold, hold! *Hur forcot* that--*hur* own dear, generous PRINCE --*hur forcot* that! Ha--TAFFY for ever! *Hur* will go, and write the EPITH--EPITH--*Cot's plut*—what is it? ay—ay—the EPITHALMUM directly. [*runs in.*

SCENE,

The proceſſion to the Temple.

Muſick--Flower Girls, ſtrewing flowers--Prieſts--Virgins--The GENIUS--TRUTH--HYMEN--VENUS *and* CUPID--CŒLINA *conducted by*

by Virgins, others bearing her Train--Maids of Honour, &c.—DORANTHES *between two Nobles, with his Train--Attendants, &c.*

[*Having paſſed round, they return to the Temple. The Gates fly open. The Altar burning with incenſe. They enter, and the Company take their Seats.* HYMEN *then advances to the altar, with* DORANTHES *and* CŒLINA.]

HYMEN.

Never yet, in ſacred bands,
Did HYMEN join more faithful hands!
Live, and love! Be GOOD, as GREAT!
'Tis VIRTUE makes the bliſs compleat!

VENUS. [*to* CŒLINA.

Tho' NATURE laviſh'd all her art,
To form your perſon like your Heart!
Yet Venus this fond CŒSTUS gives,
Whence ev'ry Charm in vigour lives! [*Gives a rich girdle.*

TRUTH.

What gift can add to human worth,
Beyond that of unerring TRUTH!
'Tis yours', with HONOUR's conſtant praiſe,
Unto Life's remoteſt Days!

GENIUS.

Your GENIUS, lo! confers renown,

Preſented

Preſented thus with Laurel-crown! [*Crowns each.*
Fearleſs with that, my SON! engage,
And quell the mad'ning Tumult's rage!

DORANTHES.

All-gracious Pow'rs! O how ſhall we eſſay———

GENIUS.

Let your Deeds ſpeak! Be HAPPY and OBEY!
And now let MUSICK's Soul-ſubduing note,
Thro'out the Shrine, in jocund meaſure float!
And let recording TIME enroll the lay,
That ſwells in rapture of this nuptial Day.
[*He and all take their places. The Singers come forward.*

GRAND FINALE.

AIR *and* CHORUS.

PART 1ſt.

See, deſcending from above,
Emblems pure of ſacred LOVE!
Rays of VIRTUE fill the place,
Shedding luſtre, ſhedding grace!
See their beams on all deſcend,
Who the Nation's cauſe befriend!

PART 2d.

See, in Hymeneal ſtate,
How the LOVES and GRACES wait!
VIRTUE, HONOUR, ever bright,

WISDOM, TRUTH's celeſtial light!
CONSTANCY, ſtill-blooming Maid,
Whoſe endearments never fade!
All in ſacred form appear,
To bleſs the Nuptials of the Fair!

PART 3d.

O BRITAIN's ever-hallow'd Friend,
Smiling VICTORY deſcend!
VICTORY, whoſe arm ſuſtains
The Warrior's ſpear, requites his pains!
VICTORY, beſt guide to Peace,
Who bids the vanquiſh'd Nation ceaſe!
Who makes the Foe
His pride forego,
And to the gladden'd World gives HEAV'N's eſpecial gra

GRAND CHORUS.

Fir'd with the hope, ye BRITONS raiſe
Hymns of Triumph, ſongs of Praiſe,
To GEORGE and CAROLINE,
Offſpring both of race divine!
Let the gladden'd People round,
With eager voice,
Greet HYMEN's choice,
While to the vaulted Sky the ſtrains rebound!

[*The Curtain drops.*

THE END.

P. S.

AU LECTEUR.

INDULGE me, kind Reader, to employ this accidental ſpace with a few Remarks.

If the preceding Scenes ſhall be ſo fortunate to meet his approbation, and thence be adjudged worthy of the Compoſer's art, and dramatic performance, the queſtion may naturally ariſe--"Was it preſented to the Theatre?" It really was not. For, antecedent to its being finiſhed, though in time to have anſwered the full-expected arrival of the Fleet--the Author was aſſured a piece was adopted at one Theatre; and though no great *political conjuration* was neceſſary to judge the proſpect of ſucceſs at the other, yet an oblique attempt was made, when ſevere illneſs, and the daily-expected arrival of the PRINCESS long ſince, checked his perſeverance, fearful of its being too late.

The approving Reader--if ſuch favour ſhall be found--the approving, ſympathetic Reader will pleaſe to admit the amazing difference, both in fame as profit, between a ſucceſsful performance and any publication. If then theſe Scenes, and thoſe ſubmitted to the Public in the Tragedy of SOMERSET—which was received by Mr. Garrick, approved by Dr. Johnſon, Mr. Sheridan, the elder, &c. &c. if theſe give any ſpecimen of dramatic abilities, how will his ſympathy be awakened to hear, that with other M. S. pieces as ſtrongly recommended, our Author has never been able to obtain a ſingle trial on the Stage. But however unconſcious of the leaſt offence to Managers, Authors, or Performers--as *Satire* never yet tainted his public pen--"*latet anguis in herba*"--the ſnake has been diſcovered, though the cauſe of his ſting remains as yet a myſtery.

Loyalty

Loyalty and reſpect forbid expatiating here, more than to inſinuate his hope, that the public approbation of THIS MASK will raiſe ſome Spirit of literary patronage in his favour, ſo prevent his developing ſuch unprecedented treatment, and propoſing its remedy in future; which otherwiſe is intended as part of a work now preparing for the Preſs, and nearly ready to be ſubmitted to the generous and candid Reader.

H. E. 25. (2)

A brefe Comedy or Enterlude of *Iohan Baptyſtes* preachynge in the wylderneſſe, openynge the craftye aſſaultes of the hypocrytes *, with the gloryouſe Baptyme of the Lorde Jeſus Chriſt. Compyled by *Iohan Bale*, *Anno* M.D.XXXVIII †.

The worde of God came unto Iohan the ſonne of Zachary in the wylderneſſe. And he reſorted into all the coaſtes about Iordane, and preached the Baptyſme of repentaunce for the remyſſyon of ſynnes. Luce iii.

John Bale, *the Compiler of the following Comedy or Interlude, was the Son of* Henry Bale, *of* Covie *in* Suffolk. *Born in the Year* 1495; *entered among the* Carmelite *Friars at* Norwich, *at twelve Years old, and went from thence to be a Schollar at* Jeſus *College in* Cambridge, *ſtill remaining, as he himſelf declares, in the moſt profound Ignorance of all true Learning, and greateſt Blindneſs of Mind, without any Tutor or Patron, till*

* Alluding to the *Popiſh* Prieſts, Friars, *&c.* who, like the *Phariſees* and *Hypocrites* of old, were determined, at all Events, to prevent the Dawning of the *Goſpel*, at the Beginning of the *Reformation*.

† The Year in which *Henry the Eighth* declared his Diſguſt with the See of *Rome*.

the

the Word of God began to appear in its proper Luſtre, and the Churches were brought back to the pure Fountains of all Divinity; and then, by the Means of the moſt Noble the Lord Wentworth, *he was induced to leave the monſtrous Corruptions of* Popery, *and to embrace the Purity of the Goſpel. Soon after his Converſion, he married his Wife* Dorothy, *who alſo was zealous for the true Religion; but he had been utterly undone by Dr.* Lee *Archbiſhop of* York, *and* Stokley *Biſhop of* London, *had not my Lord* Cromwell *ſcreened him from their Perſecutions; after whoſe Death he retired to the* Low Countries; *from whence he was recalled by* Edward *the Sixth, who made him Biſhop of* Oſſory *in* Ireland, Feb. 2, 1552. *But, before he had been conſecrated ſix Months, he was obliged to fly from thence to eſcape the Perſecutions of Queen* Mary, *who then aſcended the* Engliſh *Throne; and, embarking at* Dublin, *he was taken by the Pirates and ſold. But he obtained his Ranſom, and proceeded to* Baſil, *where he employed himſelf in his Studies till recalled by Queen* Elizabeth, *who gave him a Prebend of* Canterbury; *upon which he was rather contented to live, than to return any more to* Ireland. *He died in* November 1563. *He publiſhed many Books both in* Latin *and* Engliſh, *in Proſe and Verſe, amongſt which this Comedy is one of the ſcarceſt, and gives us a true Idea of the* Stage *in thoſe Times, when it appears the firſt Reformers endeavoured to expoſe the Errors of the* Roman *Church, and to propagate the Goſpel, even in thoſe Places which had been remarkable for Vice; for, I apprehend, this as well as ſome other Interludes, compoſed by him, were the Productions of his younger Days juſt after his Converſion, as it more particularly appears in the Concluſion of this Comedy; and it is further valuable, as it is in no Catalogue of Plays that ever I ſaw, and gives us a Specimen of the moſt refined Part of our Language in King* Henry the Eighth's *Reign. To conclude, he was a Man of Learning, a conſtant Preacher and good Antiquary, but a moſt bitter Writer againſt the Church of* Rome, *inſomuch that he has drawn the whole Herd of Writers on that Side the Queſtion upon himſelf in moſt bitter Invectives, when ever they mention him; and his Books are particularly prohibited in the* Expurgatory Index, *publiſhed in Folio, at* Madrid, *Anno* 1667.

INTERLOCUTORES.

Pater cœleſtis, *i. e. The heavenly Father.*
Ioannes Baptiſta, *John Baptiſt.*
Publicanus, *The Publican.*
Phariſæus, *The Phariſee.*
Ieſus Chriſtus, *Jeſus Chriſt.*
Turba uulgaris, *The common People.*
Miles armatus, *The Soldier.*
Sadducæus, *The Sadduce.*

BALEUS PROLOCUTOR.

PRÆFACIO.

*THE kyngedome of Chriſt, wyll now * begynne to ſprynge,*
Which is the preachynge, of hys newe teſtament †.
Now ſhall Meſſias, *which is our heauenly kynge,*
Apere to the worlde, in manhode euydent.
Whoſe wholſom commynge, Iohan Baptyſt *wyll preuent,*
Preachynge repentaunce, hys lygh waye to prepare,
Whych now we entende, before yow to declare.

The lawe and Prophetes, draweth now faſt to an ende,
Which were but ſhaddowes, and fygures of hys commynge.

* Our King being ready to ſhake off the *Popiſh* Superſtition. † In Oppoſition to the Traditions of the Church of *Rome.*

Now

Now ſhall he approche, that all grace wyll extende,
Of cleane remyſſyon, our cauſyon will he brynge,
To pacyfye God, hys father euerlaſtynge.
By ſheadynge hys bloude, all thynges ſhall be renewe,
Makynge one people, of the Pagane *and the* Iewe.
*For ſo moch as we, are geuen to neweltees *,*
Of very nature. Lete vs our ſelues applye,
To accepte theſe newes, and heauenlye verytees †,
Which are for our ſynne, moſt ſouerayne remedye,
And for our ſowles helthe, ſo hyghlye neceſſarye.
That without knowledge, of them, we can not haue,
A true fayth in him, which dyed our ſowles to ſaue.

Whan Man had ſynned, the harde preceptes of the lawe,
Moſes *proclamed, the Prophetes gaue monycyons.*
But non of them all, to the heauenly kyngedome drawe,
Tyll Iohan Baptiſt *come, with clerar expoſycyons.*
The publycanes then, leaue their yll dyſpoſycyons,
Vnto Chriſt to come, and hys moſt holy Goſpell,
Where the frowarde ſectes, contynuallye rebell.

Ye ſhall ſe Chriſt here, ſubmyt hymſelf to Baptym,
Of Iohan *hys ſeruaunt, in moſt meke humble wyſe.*
In poorenesſe of ſprete, that we ſhuld folowe hym,
Whoſe lowlye doctryne, the hypocrytes deſpyſe.
Folowe hym therfor, and ſhurne their deuylyſh practyſe.
Be gentyll in hart, and beare your good intent,
Towards hys Goſpell, and godlye teſtament.

Incipit Comœdia.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

AS a maſſenger, I come to geue yow warnynge,
That your lorde, your kynge, your ſauer and redemer,
With helth, grace and peace, to yow ys hydre commynge.
Applye ye therfor, delaye the tyme no longer,
But prepare hys waye, makynge the rough pathes ſmother.
Stryke downe the mountaynes, fyll vp the valleyes agayne,
For all men ſhall ſe, their mercyfull ſauer playne.

The ſeate of *Dauid*, whych is the father heauenly,
He cometh to poſſeſſe, as a ruler ſpirytuall.
And in *Iacobs* howſe, to reigne contynually,
Whych is of hys churche, the nombre unyuerſall,
Not only of *Iewes*, but faythfull beleuers all.
That congregacyon, will he euermore defende,
And of hys kyngedome, ſhall neuer be an ende.

Turba uulgaris.

At theſe newe tydynges, whom thys good man doth brynge,
My hart within me, for Ioye doth leape and ſprynge.

‡ Traditions. ‖ Preached by the Reformers.

Publicanus.

Publicanus.

O myghty maker, what confort to vs is thys?
Thyne own ſonne to ſende, to reforme that is amys.

Miles armatus.

Soch confort to me, as I can not expreſſe,
Of tunges though I had, thre thouſande and no leſſe.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Approche nyghar fryndes, and tell me what ye ſaye.

Turba uulgaris.

Ye tolde us, me thought, we ſhuld prepare a waye,
For the lordes commynge. Was not your ſaynge ſo?

Ioannes Baptiſta.

My preachynge was it, from it can I not go.
For grounded it is, on Gods myghty worde trulye,
Vttered longe afore, by the prophet *Eſaye*.

Publicanus.

I praye ye tell vs, what ye meane by that waye?

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Your conuerſacyon, which is in a ſore decaye.

Laye apart your wrathe, your couetouſneſſe and pryde,
Your luſtes unlauſull, with your other ſynnes beſyde.
Knowledge your treſpace, and ceaſe from doynge yll,
Flee mennys tradycyons, and Gods hygh lawes fulfyll.
Make ye ſtrayght the pathes, lete euery man haue hys,
In no wyſe reuenge, whan men vſe ye amys.

Seke God your father, in ſprete and veryte,
But not in ſhaddowes, as doth the *Pharyſe*,
Whych by outwarde workes, loketh to be juſtyfyed,
And neyther by faythe, nor by Gods worde wyll be tryed.
Euery depe valleye, to moch more hygthe wyll growe,
The mountaynes and hylles, ſhall be brought downe full lowe.

Miles armatus.

What meane ye by that? I praye ye hartely tell.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Mekeneſſe wyll aryſe, and pryde abate by the Goſpell:

The ſymple fyſher, ſhall now be notable,
The ſpirytuall *Pharyſe*, a wretche deteſtable.
The wyſe and lerned, the Idyote wyll deface,
Synners ſhall excede, the outward ſayntes in grace.
Abiectes of the worlde, in knowledge wyll excell,
The conſecrate Rabyes, by vertu of the Goſpell.

The poore man by faythe, ſhall very clerely deme,
The clauſe that wyll harde unto the lawer ſeme.
All that afore tyme, vntowarde ded remayne,
The rule of Gods worde, wyll now make ſtrayght and playne.
The couetouſe iourer ſhall now be lyberall,
The malycyouſe man wyll now to charyte fall.

The wratheful hater ſhall now love erneſtlye,
To temperate meaſure men wyll change glotonye.

Pryde

Pryde ſhall ſo abate, that mekeneſſe wyll preuayle,
Lechery ſhall lye down, and clenneſſe ſet up ſayle.
Slouthfulneſſe ſhall flyde, and dylygence aryſe,
To folowe the truthe, in godly exercyſe.

Prepare ye therefor, ſo faſt as euer ye can,
To thys lorde whych will, renue ye euery man,
In caſe ye repent the folye that is paſt.

Omnes una.

Sory are we for it, and wyll be to our laſt.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

What are ye? tell me, ych perſone ſeuerallye.

Turba uulgaris.

I do repreſent the commen People of *Iewry*.
In ſweate of my browes, my lyuynge I procure,
By daylye labours, and mynde ſo to endure.

Publicanus.

A publicane I am, and moch do lyve by pollage,
For my offyce is, to gather taxe and tollage.
Moch am I hated, of the *Phariſe* and *Scribe*,
For axyng trybute, it iudgynge vnlauſull brybe.

Miles armatus,

A ſouldyour I am, or valeaunt man of warre,
The lande to defende, and hys enemyes to conquarre.
Whan my wages are too lyttle for my expence,
To get a botye, I ſpare no vyolence.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

For Gods loue repent, and turne ye to the lorde,
That by him ye maye, to hys kyngedome be reſtorde.

Ad Deum conuertitur turba uulgaris, & peccata ſic confitetur.

Turba uulgaris.

I knowe bleſſed lorde, by playne experiment,
Moſt nygh vnto helth, is he that ſheweth hys ſore.
Wherefor I confeſſe, in place here euydent,
The ſynneſull lyuynge, that I haue vſed afore.
A wretched ſynnar I haue bene euermore,
Vnthankefull to thee, to man vncharytable,
And in all my workes, both falſe and deceyuable.

Hunc tunc baptiſat Ioannes flectentem genua.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Then take my baptyme, whych is a preparacyon,
Vnto faythe in Chriſt, wherin reſt your ſaluacyon.
To Chriſtes Goſpell your conuerſacyon applye,
And lerne by thys ſygne, with hym to lyue and dye.

Turba uulgaris.

Myne vſage (ye knowe) is outwarde and externe,
Some godly preceptes for that fayne wolde I lerne.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

I wyll not moue ye to offer calfe nor gote,
But to charyte, whych is of hyghar note.
With no ſacryfyce is God more hyghly pleaſed,
Than with that good hart, wherby the poore is eaſed.
For that he accepteth, as though hymſelfe it had.

Turba

Turba uulgaris.

Thys helthſome counſell, maketh my hart ioyfull and glad.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

He that hath two coates, lete hym geue one to the nedye,
And he that hath vytayle, lykewyſe releue the hungrye.
Helpe alwayes the poore, with herbour, foode and aparell,
With ſocour, ſolace, with doctryne and ghoſtlye counſell.
Theſe thynges done in faythe maye mollyfye Gods yre.

Turba uulgaris.

Farwell to ye then, for I haue my deſyre.

Eo exeunte, publicanus coram Deo peccatum agnoſcit.

Publicanus.

Thy worde bleſſed lorde, by this good man declared,
Cauſeth my conſcyence of ſynne to have remorce.
And to remembre, how that I haue not ſpared
The poore to oppreſſe, by crueltie and force.
I conſydre yet, how I oft haue bene horce,
Cryenge for cuſtome, exactynge more than due,
To my neyber lorde I haue bene full vntrue.

Illum tunc baptiſat Ioannes incuruantem genua.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Be baptyſed then, in token of repentaunce,
And take to ye faythe, with a newe remembraunce.
Thynkynge by thys ſygne, ye are from hensfourth bounde
Vyces to reſyſt, acceptynge Chriſt for your grounde.

Publicanus.

Geue me ſome precept, or rule, whereon to ſtaye,
That I, in my ſort, my lorde God maye obaye.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

I wyll not bynde ye, your ſubſtaunce to dyſpence,
But I requyre yow, to abſtayne from vyolence.
Though your offyce be to gather and to pull,
Yet be no tyrauntes, but rather mercyfull.
A good waye thys were, for your eſtate, I thynke.

Publicanus.

Perfourme it I ſhall, I wolde els I ſhuld ſynke.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

For your peynes ye haue appoynted by the emproure
Your ſtypende wages, no creature ye ought to deuoure;
For Gods loue therfor, do no man iniury
In taking tollage, aduauntage to haue therby.
Non otherwyſe than, it is to yow preſcrybed.

Publicanus.

By me from hens fourth, nought from the poore ſhall be brybed.

Eo decedente, Miles ſua confitetur ſcelera.

Miles armatus.

Experyence doth ſhewe, where as are good monycyons,
Maye be auoyded all ieopardy and daunger.
At thys mannys counſell, all ſynnefull dyſpoſycyons
I wyll therfor change to a lyfe (I hope) moch better.
No man ſo wycked, nor ſo farre out of order,
As I wretche haue bene, in murther, rape and theſte.
Swete lorde forgeue me, and thoſe wayes ſhall be leſte.

Illum

Illum tunc baptisat Ioannes in genua procumbentem.

Ioannes Baptista.

Thys baptyme of myne, to yow doth represent
Remyssyon in Christ, in case your synnes ye repent.
In hys blessed deathe, it assureth yow of grace,
Sealynge your passport, vnto the hyghar place.

Miles armatus.

My maker I thanke, of hys most specyall gyste,
For my vsage now, shewe me some ghostly dryste.

Ioannes Baptista.

Of warre ye haue lawes, vse them with ryght alwayes,
Do no spoyle nor rape, take no vnlaufull prayes.
The offyce ye haue, for the publyque vnyte,
Mynde to exercyse, to the landes tranquyllyte.
Ye maye thus please God, in doynge your feate, ryght well.

Miles armatus.

Father go forewarde, for I moch delyght your counsell.

Ioannes Baptista.

For the publique peace, Gods lawe doth yow permyt,
Stronge weapon to weare, but in no case to abuse it.
If ye mynde therfor, of God to auoyde the daunger,
For couetouse lucre, hurt neyther frynde nor stranger.
But with your wages, yche man be satysfyed.

Miles armatus.

Prayse be to the lorde, I am moch edyfyed.

Eo locum deserente, intrant Pharisæus *ac* Sadducæus. *Interim* Ioannes Baptista *alloquitur populum.*

Ioannes Baptista.

Of Christ to tell yow, with the dyfference of our baptym,
I washe in water ; but remyssyon is of him.
My baptyme is a sygne of outwarde mortysyenge,
A grace is hys baptyme of inwarde quyckenynge.
The baptyme of me is the baptyme of repentaunce,
Hys baptyme in faythe bryngeth full recoueraunce.

My doctryne is harde, and full of threttenynges,
Hys wordes are demure, replete with wholsom blessynges.
I feare the conscience, with terrour of the lawe,
He by the Gospell mannys sowle wyll gentylly drawe.
A knowledge of synne the baptyme of me do teache,
Forgeueneste by faythe wyll he here after preache.

I open thē sore, he bryngeth the remedye,
I sturre the conscyence, he doth all pacysye.
As *Esaye* sayth, I am the cryars voyce,
But he is the worde, and message of reioyce.
The lanterne I am, he is the very lyght,
I prepare the waye, but he maketh all thynges persyght,

Pharisæus. *Inuicem alloquuntur.*

As is said abroade, thys sellawe preacheth newe lernynge*,
Lete vs dyssemble, to vnderstande hys meanynge.

Sadducæus.

Wele pleased I am, that we examyne hys doynges,
Hys doctrine parauenture myght hyndre els our lyuynges,

* This is the Term given to the Reformers Preaching the Gospel, by the Priests of the Church of *Rome*.

But

But in our workynge, we muſt be ſumwhat craftye.

Phariſæus.

Tuſh, thu ſhalt ſe me, vndermynde hym very ſynelye.

Et uertens ſe ad Ioannem, doloſe illum alloquitur.

God bleſſe ye father, and proſpere your buſyneſſe.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Ye are welcome both, ſo that ye mynde anye goodneſſe.

Sadducæus.

No harme we intende, ye maye truſt vs and ye wyll.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Ye ſhewe to the worlde, as though ye coulde do no yll,
But the lorde doth knowe, what ye haue in your hartes,
And ſecretelye how ye playe moſt wycked partes.
Where as ſectes remayne, the ſprete of God cannot be,
Whoſe kynde is to knytt, by a perſyght vnyte.

Phariſæus.

That taunte haue I ones, bycauſe I am a *Phariſe*.

Sadducæus,

My part is no leſſe, for I am alſo a *Sadduce*.
We wyll thu knowe it, our relygyons are worſhypfull.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Not ſo worſhypfull, but moch more falſe and deceytfull,
An outwarde pretence ye haue of holyneſſe,
Whych is before God a double wyckedneſſe.

Phariſæus.

A verye wretche art thu, ſoch vertuouſe men to deſpyſe,
As the lawes of God, to hys people doth decyſe.
We *Phariſees* are thoſe, whych ſyt in *Moſes* ſeate
As interpretours, the holy ſcriptures to treate.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

And them ye corrupt, with your peſtylent tradycyons.
For your bellyes ſake, have yow falſe expoſycyons.

Sadducæus.

What ſayſt thu to me? whych in one poynt do not ſwerue.
From *Moſes* fyue bokes; but euery Iote we obſerue.
Thynkeſt not vs worthy the gloryouſe name we beare,
Of ryghteouſe *Sadducees?* Saye thy mynde without feare.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

I ſaye thys vnto yow, your obſervacyons are carnall.
Outwarde workes ye haue, but in ſprete nothynge at all.
Ye walke in the letter, lyke paynted *Hypocrytes*.
Before God ye are, no better than *Sodomytes*.

De Chriſto baptiſmo.

Synners offendynge, of weakeneſſe, doubt, or ignoraunce,
Of pytie God pardoneth. But where he ſyndeth reſyſtence
Agaynſt the playne truthe, there wyll he ponnyſh moſt.
For a wyckedneſſe that is agaynſt the holy Ghoſt.
And that reigneth in yow, whych neuer hath forgeueneſſe.
For enemyes ye are, to that ye knowe ryghteouſneſſe.

Phariſæus.

Auaunt begger, auaunt. Becometh it the to prate
So vnmannerly agaynſt our comely eſtate?
Whych is knowne to be, ſo notable and holye?
Thu ſhalt be loked on, I promyſe the ſurelye.

Sadducæus.

Sadducæus.

Our worthy decrees, the knaue doth not regarde.
But practyſeth newe lawes, ſoch as were neuer hearde.
By whoſe autoryte, doeſt thu teache thys newe lernynge?
Doubt not but ſhortly, thu wylt be brought to a reckenynge.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Ye generacyon of vypers, ye murtherers of the prophetes,
Ye Lucifers proude, and vſurpers of hygh ſeates.
Neuer was ſerpent, more ſtyngynge than ye be,
More full of poyſon, nor inwarde cruelte.
All your ſtodye is, to perſue the veryte,
Soch is your practyſe, deceyte and temeryte.
You boaſt your ſelues moch, of ryghteouſneſſe and ſcyence,
And yet non more vyle, nor fuller of neglygence.
How can ye eſcape the vengeaunce that is commynge,
Upon the vnfaythfull? whych wyll admytt no warnynge.
Neyther your good workes, nor merytes of your fathers,
Your faſtynges, longe prayers, with other holy behauers,

Shall yow afore God, be able to iuſtyfye,
Your affeccyons inwarde, vnleſs ye do mortyfye.
And therefor ſhewe fourth, the due frutes of repentaunce,
Not in wordes only, but from the hartes habundaunce.
Forſake your malyce, your pryde and hypocreſye,
And now exercyſe, the fruteſull dedes of mercye.

Phariſæus.

It become not the, to ſhewe what we ſhall do,
We knowynge the lawe, and the prophecyes alſo.
Go teache thy olde ſhoes, lyke a buſye pratlynge fole,
For we wyll non be, of thys newe fangeled ſcole:
We are men lerned, we knowe the auncyent lawes,
Of our forefathers, thy newes are not worth, ii. ſtrawes.

Sadducæus.

The ofsprynge we are, of the noble father *Abraham*,
And have the bleſſynge, ſo many as of hym cam.
We can not peryſh, though thu prate neuer ſo myche,
For we are ryghteouſe, wele lerned, famouſe and ryche.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Great folye is it, of *Abraham* ſo to booſt,
Where his fayth is not, the kyndred is ſone loſt.
Ye are *Abrahams* chyldren, lyke as was *Iſmael*,
Onlye in the fleſhe, to whom no bleſſynge fell.
It profyteth yow lyttle, of *Abraham* to beare name,
If ye be wycked, but rather it is your ſhame.

And as touchynge *Abraham*, the Lorde is able to rayſe,
Of ſtones in the waye, ſuch people as ſhall hym prayſe.
The *Gentyles* can he call, whom ye very ſore deſpyſe,
To *Abrahams* true faythe, and graces for them deuyſe.
No hart is ſo harde, but he can it molleſye,
No ſynner ſo yll, but he maye him iuſtyfye.

Phariſæus.

Yea, he tolde the ſo, Thu art next of hys counſell,
And knoweſt what he myndeth, to do in heaven and in hell,
Now forſoth thu art, a ſolye *Robyne Bell.*

Sadducæus.

With a lytle helpe, of an heretyke he wyll ſmell.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

I ſe it very wele, agaynſt Gods truthe ye are bent,
And come not hyther, your wicked wayes to repent.
For that prynces ſake, that will clere vs of care,
But your commynge is, to trappe me in a ſnare.

Sadducæus.

We knowe hym not we, nor wyll not knowe hym in dede.
But whan he ſhall come, if he do ſowe ſoch ſede,
As thu haſt done here, he maye chaunce to have yll ſpede.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Be ware if ye lyſt, the axe is put to the rote,
With the Lorde to mocke, it will ye no longar bote.
Euery wythered tre, that wyll geue no good frute,
Shall up, whych are yow, of all grace deſtytute.
And ſhall be throwne fourth, into euerlaſtynge fyre,
Where no helpe can be, for no pryce nor deſyre.

Phariſæus.

A lewde knaue art thu, yll doctryne doſt thu teache,
We wyll ſo prouyde, thu ſhalt no longar preache.

Sadducæus.

If we do not ſe, for thys gere a dyrecyon,
This fellawe is lyke, to make an inſurrecyon.
For to hys newe lernynge, an infynyte cumpanye,
Of worldlye raſcalles, come hyther ſuſpycyouſlye.

Phariſæus.

In dede they do ſo, and therefor lete vs walke,
Vpon thys matter, more delyberatlye to talke.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

The nature of theſe, is ſtyll lyke as it hath be,
Blaſphemers they are, of God and hys veryte.
Here haue I preached, the baptyme of repentaunce.
After me he cometh, that is of moch more puyſaunce.
For all my auſteryte, of lyſe and godly purpoſe,
Worthye I am not, hys lachettes to vnloſe.

He wyll yow baptyſe, in the holy Ghoſt and fyre,
Makynge yow more pure, than your hart can deſyre.
Hys ſanne is in hande, whych is Gods iudgement,
Vnto hym commytted, by hys father omnypotent.
He wyll from hys floore, which is hys congregacyon,
Swepe awaye all fylth, and falſe dyſſymulacyon.

Cleane wyll he ſeclude, the dyſguyſed hypocrytes,
And reſtore agayne, the perfyght *Iſraelytes.*
He wyll brynge the wheate, into hys barne or grayner,
The chyldren of faythe, to the kyngedome of hys father.
The caffe vnprofytable, whych are the vnfaithfull ſort,
Into hell ſhall go, to their ſorowfull dyſconfort.

Ieſus

Ieſus Chriſtus.

I am *Ieſus Chriſt*, the ſonne of the lyuynge God,
The lyght of hys glorye, the ymage of hys ſubſtaunce.
Though he to thys daye, hath plaged man with the rod,
Yet now for my ſake, he hath withdrawne all vengeaunce.
All rygour, all fearceneſſe, with hys whole hartes diſpleſaunce,
Sendynge me hyther, of hys benyuolence,
To ſuffer one deathe, for all the worldes offence.

The tyme prefixed, of my celeſtyall father,
Is now perfourmed, I reignynge in thys nature,
Borne of a woman, yea, of a vyrgyne rather:
Subject to the lawe, for Man which is vnpure,
From deathe dampnable, hys pardone to procure.
That he maye receyue, the hygh inherytaunce,
Due to the chyldren, of hys choyce or allowaunce.

If ye will nedes knowe, wherfor I am incarnate,
It is to be head, of your whole congregacyon,
To make means for ye, to pacyfye the hate,
To be the hygh preſt, that ſhall worke your ſaluacyon,
Your gyde, your confort, your helth, your conſolacyon,
I come not to iudge, nor flee, but all to ſaue,
Come therfor to me, all yow that lyfe wyll haue.

I am become fleſh, for myne own promes ſake,
Without mannys ſede borne, hys kynde to ſanctyfye,
Of ſynners lynage, the ſynners quarell to take,
Of patryarkes and kynges, as a father and gyde heauenlye,
Poore, that ye ſhuld thynke, my kyngedom nothing worldlye
In fleſh, to the ſprete, that the Goſpell ſhuld ye brynge.
Beleuynge by me, to have the lyfe euerlaſtynge.

Ye worldlye people, lerne gentylneſſe of me,
Which though I am God, unto the father coequall,
I toke thys nature, with all dyſcommodyte,
My ſelfe to humble, as a creature here mortall
To rayſe ye to God, from your moſt deadlye fall.
Lete thys example, be grafted firſt in your wytt,
How I for baptyme, to *Johan* my ſelfe ſubmytt.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

By the holy Ghoſt, aſſured I am thys houre,
That thys man is he, whych is of the hyghar poure,
Whom I haue preached, The lambe of innocencye,
Whoſe ſhoe to vnloſe, my ſelfe is far unworthye.
From whens do ye come, I praye ye tell to me.

Ieſus Chriſtus.

From *Nazareth* thys houre, a cytie of *Galyle*,
From my mothers howſe, the heauenly father from hence,
Te obeye and ſerue, with moſt due reuerence.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Your intent or mynde, fayne wolde I underſtande.

Ieſus Chriſtus.

To receyue with other, the baptyme of thy hande.

Hic protenſis manibus baptiſmo illum prohibet.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Requyre not of me, I deſyre the inſtauntlye,
To preſume ſo farre, for doubtleſſe I am vnworthye.
I a carnall ſynner, ought to haue baptyme of the,
My Lorde and Sauer. And doſt thu axe it of me?
Perdon me ſwete Lorde, for I wyll not ſo preſume.

Ieſus Chriſtus.

Without preſumpcyon, that offyce ſhalt thu adſume.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

The baptyme of me, is but a ſhaddow or type,
Soch is thy baptyme, as awaye all ſynne doth wype.
I geue but water, the ſprete Lorde thu doſt brynge,
Lowe is my baptyme, thyne is an heauenly thynge.
Now thu art preſent, it is mete my baptyme ceace,
And thyne to floryſh, all ſynners bondes to releace.

Me thy poore ſeruaunt, repleniſh here with grace,
And requyre me not, to baptyſe the here in place.

Ieſus Chriſtus.

Ioban, ſuffre me now, in thys to haue my wyll,
For vs it behoueth, all righteouſneſſe to fulfyll.
That is to ſaye, me, as wele as theſe my ſeruauntes,
The great graunde captayne, ſo wele as hys poore tenauntes.
I come not hither, to breake the lawes of my father,
As thy baptyme is one, but to confirme them rather.
If I by the lawe, in yewth was circumcyſed,
Why ſhuld I dyſdayne, thys tyme to be baptyſed?
The *Pharyſees* abhorre, to be of the common ſort,
But I maye not ſo, whych come for all mennys confort.
I muſt go with them, they are my bretherne all,
He is no good captayne, that from hys armye fall.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

They are ſynners Lorde, and from good lyuyinge wyde.

Ieſus Chriſtus.

The more nede is theirs, to haue me for their gyde.

I wyll go afore, that they maye folowe me,
Whych ſhall be baptyſed, and thynke me for to be,
Their mate or brother, hauynge their lyuerye token,
Whych is thy baptyme, as thy ſelfe here hath ſpoken.
Take water therfor, and baptyſe me thys houre
That thy baptyme maye, take ſtrength of hyghar poure.

The people to marke, vnto my kyngedome heauenlye.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Then bleſſed ſauer, thy ſeruaunt here ſanctyfye.

Ieſus Chriſtus.

The man whych haue fayth, lacketh no ſanctyfycacyon
Neceſſary and mete, for hys helth and ſaluacyon.
Thyne offyce therfor, now execute thu on me.

Hic Ioannem *ſubleuat* Ieſus, *ac eius baptiſmo ſe ſubmittit.*

Ioannes

Ioannes Baptiſta.

I baptyſe the (Lorde) by ſoch autoryte,
As thy grace hath geuen, to my poore ſympleneſſe,
Onlye to obeye, the hygh requeſt of thy goodneſſe.

In terram procumbens Ieſus, *tunc dicit, Deo gratias.*

Ieſus Chriſtus.

Thys offyce father, whych I in thys mortall nature,
Do take vpon me, at thy moſt hygh appoyntment,
For mannys ſaluacyon, here to appeyſe thy hature,
So proſpere forewarde, that it be to thy intent,
And to thy people, fytte and conuenyent.
And that thu wytſaue, by thy moſt fatherly poure,
Thy ſonne to commende, vnto the worlde thys houre.

Deſcendit tunc ſuper Chriſtum ſpiritus ſanctus in columbæ ſpecie, & uox patris de cœlo audietur hoc modo :

Pater cœleſtis.

Thys is myne owne ſone, and only hartes delyght,
My treaſure, my Ioye, beloued moſt inteyrlye.
Thys is he whych hath, procured grace in my ſyght,
For man that hath done, moſt wylfull trayterye.
Alone is it he, that me doth pacyſye.
For hys only ſake, with Man am I now content,
To be for euer, at a full peace and agrement.

I charge ye, to hym, Geue dylygent attendaunce,
Heare hys monycyons, regarde hys heauenly doctryne.
In mennys tradycyons, loke ye haue no affyaunce,
Nor in *Moſes* lawe, but as he ſhall defyne,
Heare hym, beleue hym, drawe only after hys lyne.
For he alone knoweth, my purpoſe towardes yow,
And non els but he, heare hym therefor only now.

Tunc cœlum inſpiciens Ioannes, *incuruat genua.*

Ioannes Baptiſta.

O tyme moſt ioyfull, daye moſt ſplendiferus.
The clereneſſe of heauen, now apereth vnto vs.
The father is hearde, and the holy Ghoſt is ſeane,
The ſonne incarnate, to puryfye vs cleane,
By thys we maye ſe, The Goſpell ones receyued,
Heauen openeth to vs, and God is hyghly pleaſed.

Lete vs ſynge therfor, togyther with one accorde,
Prayſynge theſe ſame thre, as one God and good Lorde.

Et expanſis ad cœlum manibus canit Ioannes.

Glorye be to the Trynyte,
The father, the ſonne and ſprete lyuynge,
Whych are one God in perſones thre,
To whom be prayſe without endynge.

BALEUS PROLOCUTOR.

Thys vyſyble ſygne, do here to yow declare,
What thynge pleaſeth God, and what offendeth hys goodneſſe.
The worlde hath proude hartes, hygh myndes, with ſoch lyke ware,

God

God only regardeth, the ſprete of lowlyneſſe.
Marke in thys Goſpell, with the eyes of ſympleneſſe.
Adam, *by hys pryde, ded* paradyſe *vp ſpeare,*
Chriſt *hath opened heauen, by hys great mekeneſſe heare.*

Iohan *was a preacher, Note wele what he ded teache,*
Not mennis tradycyons, nor hys owne holye lyfe.
But to the people, Chriſt Ieſus *ded he preache,*
Wyllynge hys Goſpell, amonge them to be ryfe,
Hys knowledge heavenly, to be had of man and wyfe.
But who receyued it? The ſinfull commynalte,
Publicanes and ſynners, but no paynted Pharyſe.

The waye that Iohan *taught, was not to weare harde clothynge.*
To ſaye longe prayers, nor to wandre in the deſart,
Or to eate wylde locuſts. No, he neuer taught ſoch thynge.
Hys mynde was that ſaythe, ſhuld puryfye the hart.
My ways (ſayth the Lorde) with mennys ways haue no part.
Mannys ways are all thynges, that are done without fayth,
God's waye is hys worde, as the holy ſcripture ſayth.

If ye do penaunce, do ſoch as Iohan *doth counſell,*
Forſake your olde lyfe, and to the true fayth applye.
Waſhe away all fylth, and folowe Chriſtes *Goſpell.*
The iuſtyce of men, is but an hypocreſye,
A worke without fayth, an outwarde vayne glorye.
An example here, ye had of the Phariſees,
Whom Iohan *compared, to vnfruteful wythered trees.*

Geue eare unto Chriſt, *lete mennys vayne fantaſyes go,*
As the father bad, by hys moſt hygh commaundement,
Heare neyther Frances, Benedyct, *nor* Bruno,
Albert *nor* Domynyck, *for they newe rulers inuent,*
Beleue neyther Pope, nor preſt of hys conſent.
Folowe Chriſtes *Goſpell, and therin fruetfyſye,*
To the prayſe of God, and hys ſonne Ieſus *glorye.*

Thus endeth thys breſe Comedy or Enterlude of *Iohan Baptyſtes* preachynge in the wylderneſſe, openynge the craftye aſſaultes of the hypocrytes, with the gloryouſe Baptyme of *Ieſus Chriſt.*

Compyled by Iohan Bale, *Anno* M.D.XXXVIII.

A Diſ-

THE

SERVANT MISTRESS,

A

BURLETTA,

Translated from the

ITALIAN,

And adapted to the

ORIGINAL MUSIC,

OF

Signor PERGOLESI.

WITH

ADDITIONS.

[Price Six-pence.]

Dramatis Personæ.

Uberto, a paſſionate old Man, doatingly fond of his ſervant Serpilla,

Serpilla, a ſervant maid of Uberto, an artful ſaucy Jade,

Vespone.

Scene, a room in Uberto's houſe, in Spain.

THE

SERVANT MISTRESS.

PART I.

Uberto enters impatiently, *Veſpone* leaning in a careleſs Poſture, looking, and laughing at him.

SONG.

Uberto. IN tedious expectation
So long to wait;
In bed, for mere vexation,
No ſleep I get.
For ever I am ſlaving,
No gains I make.
Is ſuch a life worth having?
My heart will ſurely break.

'Tis very hard—
That I ſhould wait ſo long, and that my maid
Will not oblige me with my chocolate.
And what's ſtill worſe, I'm now engag'd to go.
O! bleſſed patience—
Here! Serpilla! Serpilla!

Muſt I till to-morrow wait?
You, Veſpone
Veſ. Here, Sir.
Uber. Well, Sir, what are you doing?
Why ſtand you there, you booby?
What, Sir, no excuſe, you fool you?
Go, run, ſee what ſhe's doing? [*Exit* Veſ.
Ser. (without) Won't you have done?
You're not to ſcold at me, Sir.
Uber. Very fine.
Ser. Again!
If my maſter's in haſte, I'm not, ſirrah.
Uber. Vaſtly fine!
Ser. You won't then!
Are you reſolv'd to try my patience?
Deſiſt, or I ſhall box your ears.
Uber. Hey!---where d'ye think you are?
Hey! Serpilla!

Enter Serpilla *in a Paſſion, and* Veſpone.

Ser. Permit me, Sir, to teach that ſcoundrel manners.
Uber. What! in your maſter's preſence?
Ser. Am I, becauſe a ſervant, to be trampled on?
And ſuffer ſuch abuſe? no, Sir.
I'll be reſpected; honour'd as a miſtreſs,
You ſhall ſee, Sir.
Uber. What the devil ails your ladyſhip?

SONG.

Ser. No, never, never, a girl you'll ſee,
Half ſo honeſt, Sir, as me.
Try me, in my breaſt you'll find,
Love and charity combin'd.

Aſk, Sir, thoſe that know me well,
They'll confirm the truths I tell.

Ne'er my heart did malice ſhew,
Never girl indulg'd it leſs,
I ſeldom or ever ſay no,
When time and occaſion ſay yes.
To my virtue if inſult you ſhew,
Be aſſur'd I will always ſay no.

Uber. Come, let's hear. What was the matter?
Ser. This impertinent---
Uber. to *Veſ.* What, you?
Veſ. I only told her, ſhe was wanted.
Uber. to *Veſ.* Did I order you---
Ser. And in a rude manner---
Uber. How! rudely! how durſt you, raſcal?
Veſ. Sir, I was very civil to her,
But you bade me call her,
If I am not to mind what you ſay,
Tell me ſo at once.

SONG.

Veſ. Such a rout, ſuch a fuſs,
To be us'd by you thus,
Is not to be borne, I aſſure you.
What you bid me I do,
And am left then by you,
To the mercileſs rant of this Fury.
Ser. to *Veſ.* Mighty well, Sir,
You ſhall pay dear for this.
Uber. to *Ser.* I ſent him to you---
Ser. For what!
Uber. For what? Did I not order you to---

Ser. Well, what then?
Uber. What then! where's the chocolate?
Am I to wait till doomſday?
Ser. I have not made it, you muſt do without;
And make yourſelf dear maſter, eaſy.
Uber. What patience I had need to be endow'd with,
But this, this is too much
I will not bear it, I'll ſhake off this yoke,
And make you know and feel, that I'm your maſter.

SONG.

Uber. In contradiction you delight,
If I ſay black you will ſay white,
Come up---go down---
'Tis red---'tis brown---
I tell you, friend,
It ſoon muſt end.
What's your opinion? (To *Veſ.*
Muſt I then bear it?
No, Sir, no.

Ser. In ſhort, Sir,
Studying your intereſt, I am thus rewarded.
Uber. Wonderful! to be ſure ſhe's right! *(ſneeringly)*
(to *Veſ.*) Run, fetch my hat, my ſword and cane, I'll go out.
Exit Veſ.

Ser. See! ever perverſe!
You ſhall not: go, and undreſs.
Uber. Go to the devil, you'll provoke me to---
Ser. Nay, it matters not, I'll have it ſo,
For out you ſhall not go.
Uber. I think this great impertinence.
Ser. Ay, ay, proceed.

Uber.

Uber. Dy'e think, Serpilla, that I'll bear with this?

SONG.

Ser. My fractious, peeviſh, pettiſh maſter,
Your anger will breed ſome diſaſter,
Here you muſt quiet, ſilent ſtand,
Nor dare to ſpeak, 'tis my command.

I think you know my meaning,
It needs no more explaining,
For you have known my ways,
Theſe many, many days.

Enter Veſpone, *with Hat and Cane.*

Uber. Extremely well!---did you hear?---well--- (*to Veſ.*
Replace them where you found them,
For my miſtreſs will not have me go!
Ser. Now I like you---don't be vexed.
Dy'e ſtay?--d'ye ſtare?--d'ye wonder? (*to Veſ.*
Uber. Yes, ſtay--ſtare--wonder-- (*to Veſ.*
Call me blockhead, fool, aſs, beat me,
I'll take it patiently, nay I'll thank you.
Ser. What are you about? (*to Uber.*
Uber. Stand off, thou wronghead,
Thou ſum of inſolence---away --
To put an end to this I am determin'd;
Veſpone, now this very moment, go,
Search thro' the town, and find me out a woman!
'Tho' ſhe has bas'liſk's eyes, or teeth like jet
Be her as crooked as a ram's horn,
Be her in perſon, countenance, a monkey,
A harpy, ſphinx, a very devil,
To ſpite that jade, I'll marry her.

That way, at once, I'll free myſelf;
And be no longer ſubject to her inſolence. (*Exit Veſ.*

SONG.

Uber. Go, find me a woman,
If ever ſo common,
Or ugly, and old,
A drunkard, and ſcold,
Her teeth grown black,
A hump on her back,
To change this life,
I'll make her my wife.

Petulant Vermin,
This I determine.
Hence you ſhall go;
Mark, I tell you ſo.

Ser. O! Is he come to that (*aſide.*)---Marry, Sir!
You'll do extremely well, I approve it!
Uber. You approve it! (*ſneeringly.*)
Immenſely great! ſhe approves it!
Then I ſhall marry, ſhall I?
Ser. Yes, Sir---but---it muſt be me.
Uber. You!
Ser. Yes, me, Sir.
Uber. Indeed!
Ser. Indeed.
Uber. Why am I held? Bring me my cane,
How dare you to preſume a thing of that kind?
Ser. Say what you willl; do what you pleaſe;
No other woman you ſhall have---but me.
Uber. Away, away, my girl,
Ser. My ſpouſe, you mean.

Uber. Gods, gods, this girl will be my death!
Ser. Death, or life---it muſt be ſo:
I have already fix'd it:
Uber. Sure, the devil's in her.

DUETTO.

Ser. By thoſe cunning, artful eyes,
Your thoughts, your will I gueſs,
For tho' the one denies
The other anſwers yes.
Uber. Miſtreſs vixen, you're miſtaken,
Too high you fly,
My eyes do both ſay no,
And you ſhall find it ſo.
Ser. Come, be kind,
Change your mind,
Know my merit,
I have ſpirit,
View me well, behold in me
What is true gentility,
An air, a mien like beauty's queen.
Uber. She has really ſuch addreſs
I'm afraid ſhe'll have ſucceſs *(aſide.*
Ser. I believe he is conſenting,
I believe he is relenting;
Come, my dear Sir,
Uber. Away---ſaucy creature.
Ser. My heart is firmly fix'd you ſee,
Reſolve, dear Sir, to marry me.
Uber. When from confuſion,
When from deluſion,
Shall I be
Once ſet free.

PART II.

Enter Serpilla, *and* Veſpone *diſguiſed in a Soldier's dreſs*; *then* Uberto.

Ser. NOW that I have gain'd you to my intereſt
Make uſe, Veſpone, of your utmoſt ſkill,
Should this ſcheme take, and I ſo far ſucceed,
As to become my maſter's wife,
Aſk what you will and you ſhall have it.
Uber. I dare engage my Servant (miſtreſs rather)
To go will now permit me.
Ser. Hide in next room, and when I call you, come.
(to *Veſ.*
Uber. Oh!---ſhe's here---now to my duty:
May I, or may I not, ſweet Miſtreſs---
Will you---or will you not---
Ser. What! will you preſume
Without my leave to go?
What do you think to do?
How dare you diſobey me?

SONG.

Uber. Bridle your paſſion,
Why this vexation?
Let me be heard,
One ſingle word,
This rough behaviour
Shews not ſo clever,
Do not deſpiſe
What I adviſe.

Ser.

Ser. Well, Sir---I've done;
You ſhall be no more troubled.
Uber. I believe it.
Ser. Then you will marry?
Uber. Certainly,
Ser. I muſt, then, of myſelf take care.
Uber. Ay, do ſo.
Ser. I have---and have already got a huſband.
Uber. With all my heart.---How d'ye call him?
Ser. Captain *Furioſo.*
Uber. A terrible name.
Ser. He's ſoon enrag'd.
Uber. Sure!
Ser. And, when enrag'd, a very devil.
Uber. So much the worſe for you.
Ser. But that---I ſhall prevent.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Well, Sir---Adieu---
Heav'n preſerve you---when Serpilla's abſent
May you enjoy a long and happy life:
But ſhould Serpilla in your thoughts obtrude,
Think of her candidly---as one that lov'd you.

SONG.

When a thought of me returns Sir, *(weeping)*
My unhappy lot you'll mourn Sir,
With a ſigh,
Then you'll cry,
Ah, poor girl, yes ſhe,
Once was dear to me.

Surely he will yield at laſt. *(laughing.)*
I think I have the gudgeon faſt:
If my conduct has offended, *(weeping)*
Forgive me, Sir, 'twas not intended,
By contrition 'tis amended. *[laughing)*
I'm ſure he will not long withſtand,
By the ſqueezing of my hand.

Uber. Well, my Serpilla, I will think of you,
And that with candour.

Ser. Will you ſee my huſband?

Uber. Yes, I ſhall be glad;

Ser. I'll go and fetch him.

Uber. Do ſo. *(Exit* Serpilla.)

Who can this man be?
If he anſwers her deſcription,
Poor girl! ſhe muſt be in continual fear.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED.

Poor Serpilla!
I have a mind to---no, ſhe's my ſervant.
I ſhould not be the firſt man that---
Would I marry her?—no, no, no:
Away, ye fooliſh, fooliſh thoughts, away.
Softly;---I have brought her up;—
Her family's not deſpicable.——
O! I am mad!
Stay!---I'll think no more of it.
But I love her---and yet---poor girl?---
Again!--O gods! again!——O, confuſion!

SONG.

I am confus'd I feel,
Something diſturbs my mind,
What it is I cannot tell,
To love or pity inclin'd;

To

To caution me,
I hear it ſay,
Uberto, now think well.

Enter Serpilla *and* Veſpone.

Ser. Pray, Sir, walk in.
Uber. O, ma'am, is this the gentleman?
Ser. It is, Sir.
Uber. What a brute! *(Aſide.)*
Veſ. Well, Sir, I attend you,
What's your pleaſure?
Uber. I meant to give you joy, Sir.
Veſ. Did you? hum—I intend to have it.
Uber. I hope you'll not be diſappointed.
Veſ. O, ne'er doubt it;
If my wife's obedient that will give it me:
If not, I ſhall delight to humble her.
Uber. Barbarian! *(Aſide.)*
Veſ. Serpilla!
Ser. I come, Sir. (Veſpone *whiſpers* Serpilla.)
Uber. Muſt ſo ſweet a creature.
Be abandoned to ſuch a ſavage;
Pity, love, forbid it.
Ser. to *Uber.* My ſpouſe directs me to inform you,
He expects, that for my long
And faithful ſervice,
You ſhould give a handſome ſum for dowry.
Uber. How, Serpilla! a dowry! are you mad?
Ser. Don't ſpeak ſo loud, you will enrage him.
Uber. Let him rage, I care not
Veſ. How dare you, Sir, play tricks with me?
Why did you ſend for me?
Think not I'll bear an inſult. *Uber.*

Uber. I ſent—that is—I—I
Veſ. Look ye, Sir,—I have in my time kill'd,
Let me ſee—nineteen—juſt nineteen men—
And fairly by my ſword—
This inſtant, then, a dowry, Sir,
Or you compleat the ſcore.

DUETTO.

Ser. Of my care, my true obedience,
Think, and ſurely you'll comply:
Veſ. Nought ſhall ſhield him from my vengeance,
Should he venture to deny.
Ser. From a rage ſo fierce, ſo fatal, (*to* Uberto.)
What can ſave you, who defend?
Veſ. Woman, ceaſe this idle prattle,
Thus let me the conteſt end.

To ſee you thus ſlighted,
My fury's excited
My rage I'll no longer reſtrain,
Let me but come near him,
To pieces I'll tear him,
Revenge will be ſweeter than gain.

Uber. I am undone——harkee, Serpilla,
Ser. to *Veſ.* He relents, I ſee——pray be you pacified.
I knew you'd not deny me. (*to* Uberto.)
Uber. Serpilla! have you concluded
With this furious fellow?
Ser. I have; but had I not, what then?
Uber. Prithee diſmiſs that bluſterer,
And depend on my affection for you.

SONG.

Ser. Tho' you're cunning, cautious, wary,
Yet more ſkilful I ſhall prove,
Men ſo old as you to marry!
You can't, ſure, pretend to love.

Uber. You mock me, Serpilla.

Ser. I, Sir, you're miſtaken.

Veſ. Not yet reſolv'd. The more I wait,
The higher I ſhall riſe in my demands.

Uber. Harkee, Serpilla, what does that fellow mean?

Ser. You muſt give with me a dowry,
Or he'll not marry me.

Uber. What care I?

Ser. What! ſo indifferent!
Come, Sir, (*to* Veſ.)
As my maſter is inflexible,
Will you take me as I am?

Veſ. With all my heart.

Ser. Well, then, let's away. Dear Sir, adieu.

Uber. Hold, Serpilla.

Ser. Well, Sir?

Uber. Will you forſake your maſter?

Ser. You force me from you.

Uber. What wou'd you have me do?

Ser. Do, Sir? Don't you know?

Uber. Ah, you bewitching jade!
Well then, Serpilla, as you know I love you
We will not part; I'll marry you;
So take my hand.

Ser. With all my heart.

Uber. But how ſhall we get rid of this Sir Hector?
I'll ſoftly ſteal away, and you may ſolly.

Ser. You need not, Sir, I will diſarm his anger,
And eaſe you of your fears——Veſpone!

Uber. Ha! Veſpone!

Veſ. Aye, Sir, 'tis even me.
I was the terrible Drawcanſir,
Who put you in ſuch a taking.

SONG.

Veſ. Th' expiring taper's feeble rays,
Now riſe, now in the ſocket lie,
If moved in haſte, it caſts a blaze,
Trembles, quivers, ſinks and dies.
A. 2. Calmly then, my worthy maſter,
Liſten to your faithful ſlave,
Nor, juſt free from one diſaſter,
Madly, one more laſting, brave.

Uber. Inſolence! I'll——
Ser. Come, forgive me Sir, the ſcheme was mine.
Uber. Your's was it? you cunning jade!
Well, I'm ſatisfy'd.
We'll crown this day with pleaſure.
Ser. And you will find in me a golden treaſure.

DUETTO.

Ser. For you, within my boſom,
Is Cupid's hammer beating,
Which ev'ry moment ſtrikes.
Uber. For you, within my boſom,
Is Cupid's tabor beating,
Which ev'ry moment drums.
Ser. Hark, how it thumps; (THUMPATY.)
Uber. 'Tis very, very true.
Now liſten to the drum; hark! (RUBADUD.)
Ser. 'Tis very, very true.
Uber. and *Ser.* But what can all this mean?
Ser. I do'nt know.
Uber. I don't know.
Ser. Ah, Berti.
Uber. Ah, Gipſey.
Both. You may gueſs what it means.

FINIS.